

INTRODUCING THE
NISSAN ROGUE
A Whole New Crossover From Nissan



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HEROES

CHAPTER 52

Flying Blind

Clare Bennet and her family moved to sunny Southern California to begin life anew... and to hide from the mysterious company. The invincible cheerleader had left behind her extraordinary life of flying men and super strong women.
Or did she?



COSTA VERDE,
CALIFORNIA.

LAST NIGHT.

I HAVE A
SECRET.

CHRISTINE BOYLAN **TOM GRUMMETT**
Story Art
CHRIS SOTOMAYOR *Colors*
COMICRAFT *Lettering*
NANCI QUESADA *Editor*

Flying BLIND



I LIKE TO FLY WITH
MY EYES CLOSED.



OH, DON'T WORRY.
I'M PERFECTLY
SAFE UP HERE.



YOU'D BE
SURPRISED. PEOPLE
EXIST MOSTLY AT
EYE LEVEL.



TAKES A CERTAIN
KIND OF PERSON
TO LOOK...*UP*.

SOME KIDS DON'T APPRECIATE
THE STIGMA OF BEING GIFTED
AND TALENTED.

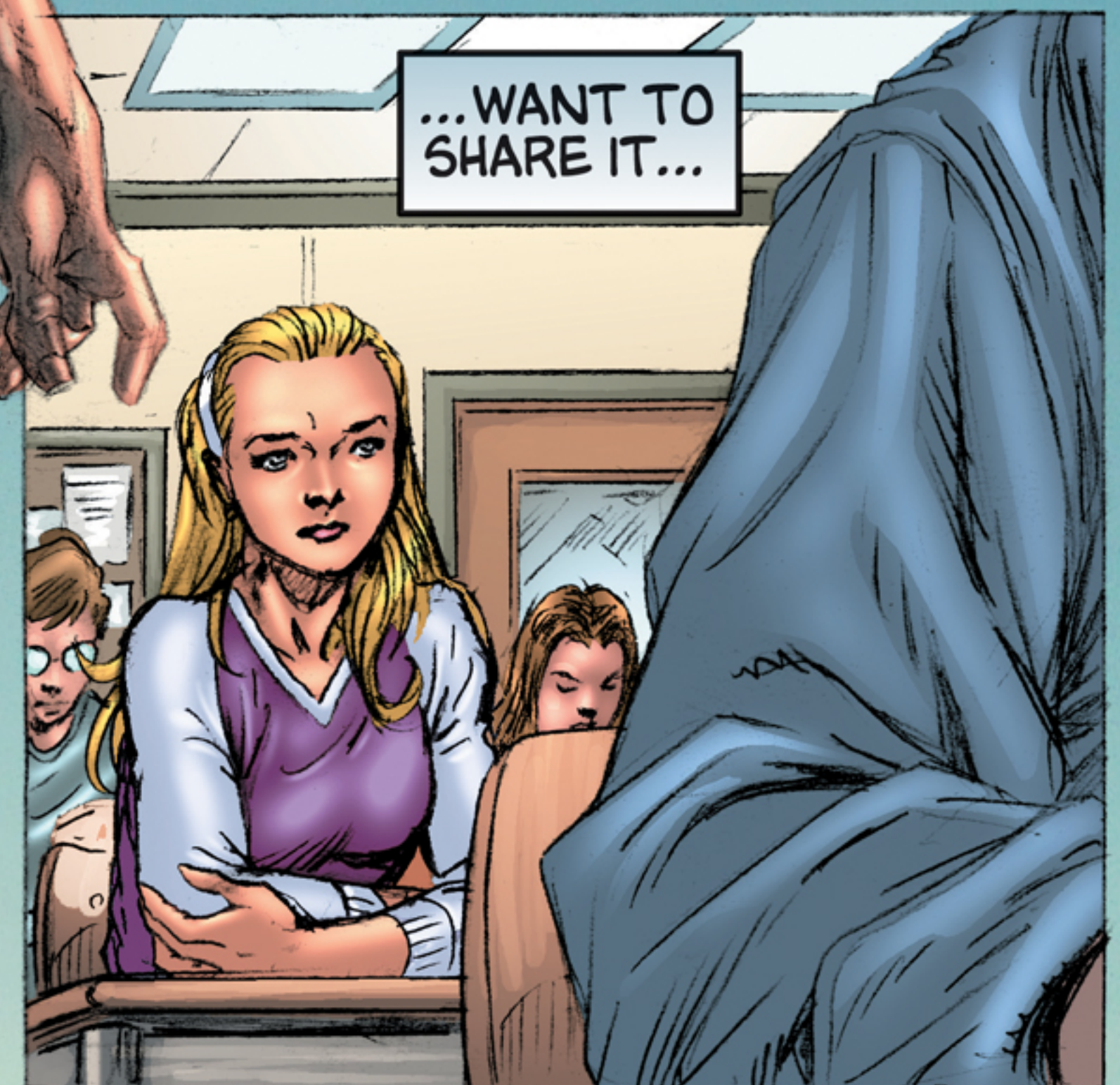
I LOVE THE HELL
OUT OF IT.



AND I WOULDN'T...



...WANT TO
SHARE IT...



...WITH
ANYONE.





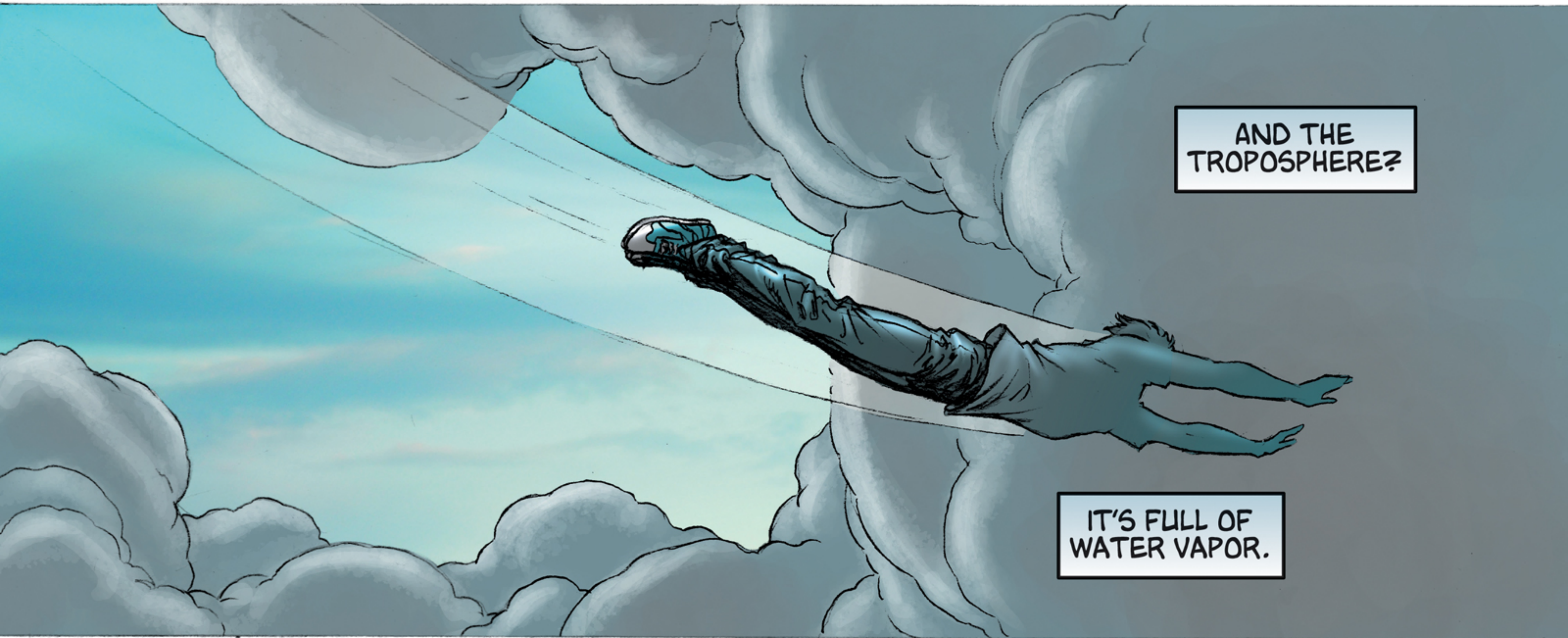
YOU CAN FLY BLIND
WITHOUT RADAR OR
SOME SIXTH SENSE.



WE LIVE IN THE TROPOSPHERE,
FOR EXAMPLE. ONE LAYER IN A
MANY-LAYERED ATMOSPHERE,
AND WITHIN THE TROPOSPHERE
ARE EVEN MORE LAYERS.



TO ME, EACH OF THOSE
LAYERS HAS A DIFFERENT
SCENT. ONE OF THEM, AND
I MEAN THIS SINCERELY,
SMELLS LIKE PIZZA.



AND THE
TROPOSPHERE?

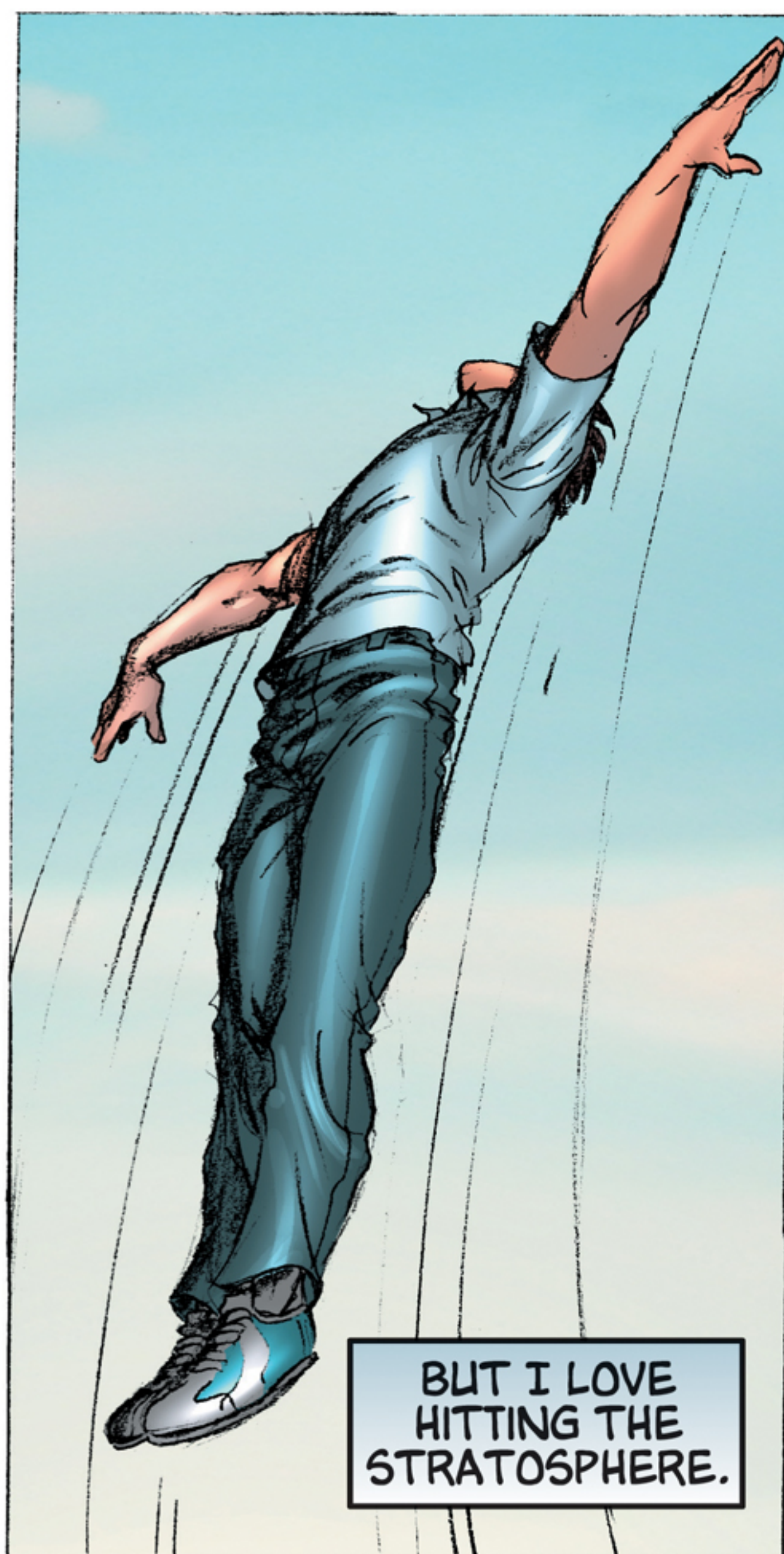
IT'S FULL OF
WATER VAPOR.



SO MUCH
MORE FUN
THAN
RUNNING
THROUGH A
SPRINKLER.



I'M NOT SHOWING OFF. THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TO SHOW OFF TO, RIGHT?



BUT I LOVE HITTING THE STRATOSPHERE.

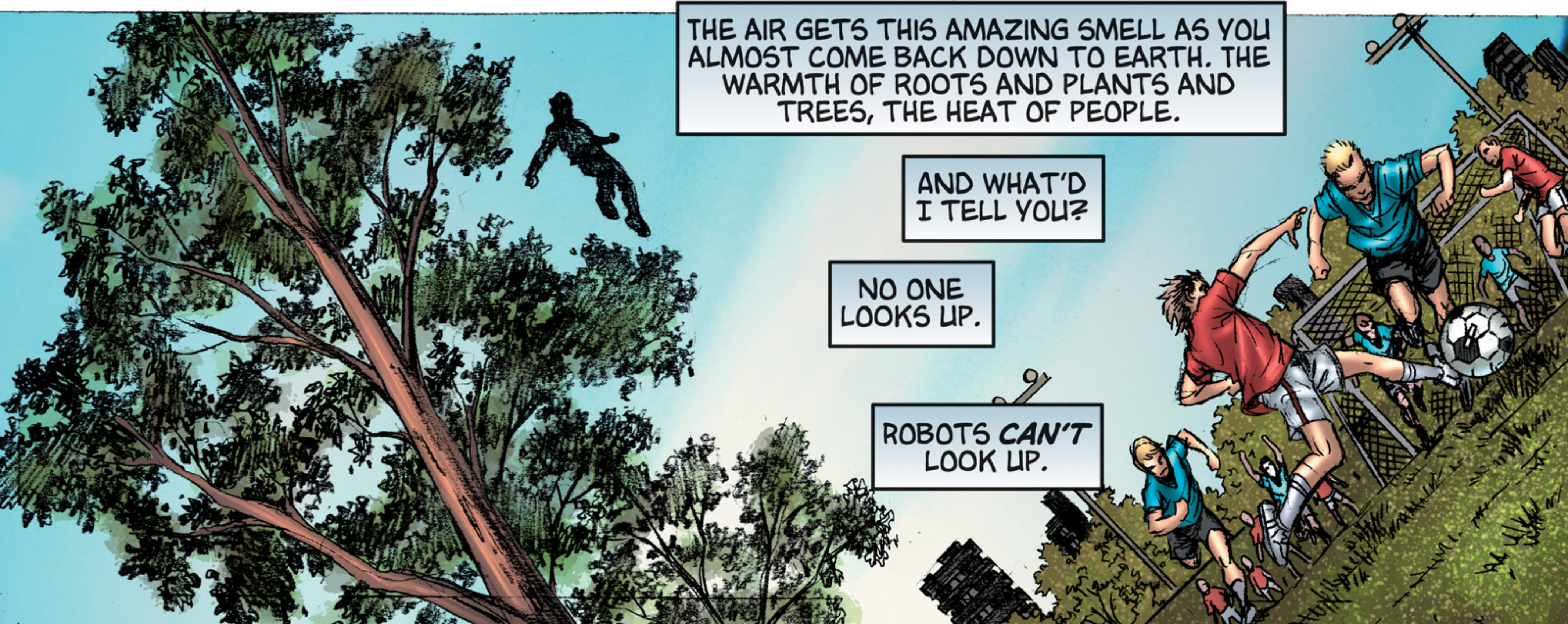


THOUGH IT'S BEST TO BRING A SWEATER.



THE PLANES ARE NO TROUBLE ONCE YOU LEARN TO STAY OUT OF THE AIRWAYS...

...AND IF YOU KNOW ALL THE EXIT RAMP, IT'S WAY EASIER TO NAVIGATE THAN THE 405 FREEWAY.



THE AIR GETS THIS AMAZING SMELL AS YOU ALMOST COME BACK DOWN TO EARTH. THE WARMTH OF ROOTS AND PLANTS AND TREES, THE HEAT OF PEOPLE.

AND WHAT'D I TELL YOU?

NO ONE LOOKS UP.

ROBOTS *CAN'T* LOOK UP.



COSTA VERDE,
CALIFORNIA.

THIS MORNING.

SEE, I HAVE
THIS THEORY.

WHETHER IT'S FATE
OR CHOICE...



...PEOPLE BREAK
DOWN INTO ONLY
TWO CATEGORIES.

YOU'RE EITHER A
ROBOT OR AN *ALIEN*.



MY DEBATE TEACHER
WOULD CALL THAT
REDUCTIVE.

I CALL IT A NEAT
EXPRESSION OF A
LARGER TRUTH.



ROBOTS OPERATE
OUT OF PROGRAMS...

...*CONVENTIONAL*
LOGIC.

THEY FOLLOW
THE RULES.

ROBOTS SCAN THE WORLD
FROM SIDE TO SIDE.



ALIENS ARE MORE...
ABSTRACT THINKERS.

IF THEY NEED TO BREAK
A RULE TO KEEP TO
THEIR OWN PATHS, THEY
DO. WITHOUT FEAR.



ALIENS LOOK DOWN AND
UP...WHEN THEY CHOOSE TO.



I'M NOT CONDEMNING
ONE OR THE OTHER, BUT...



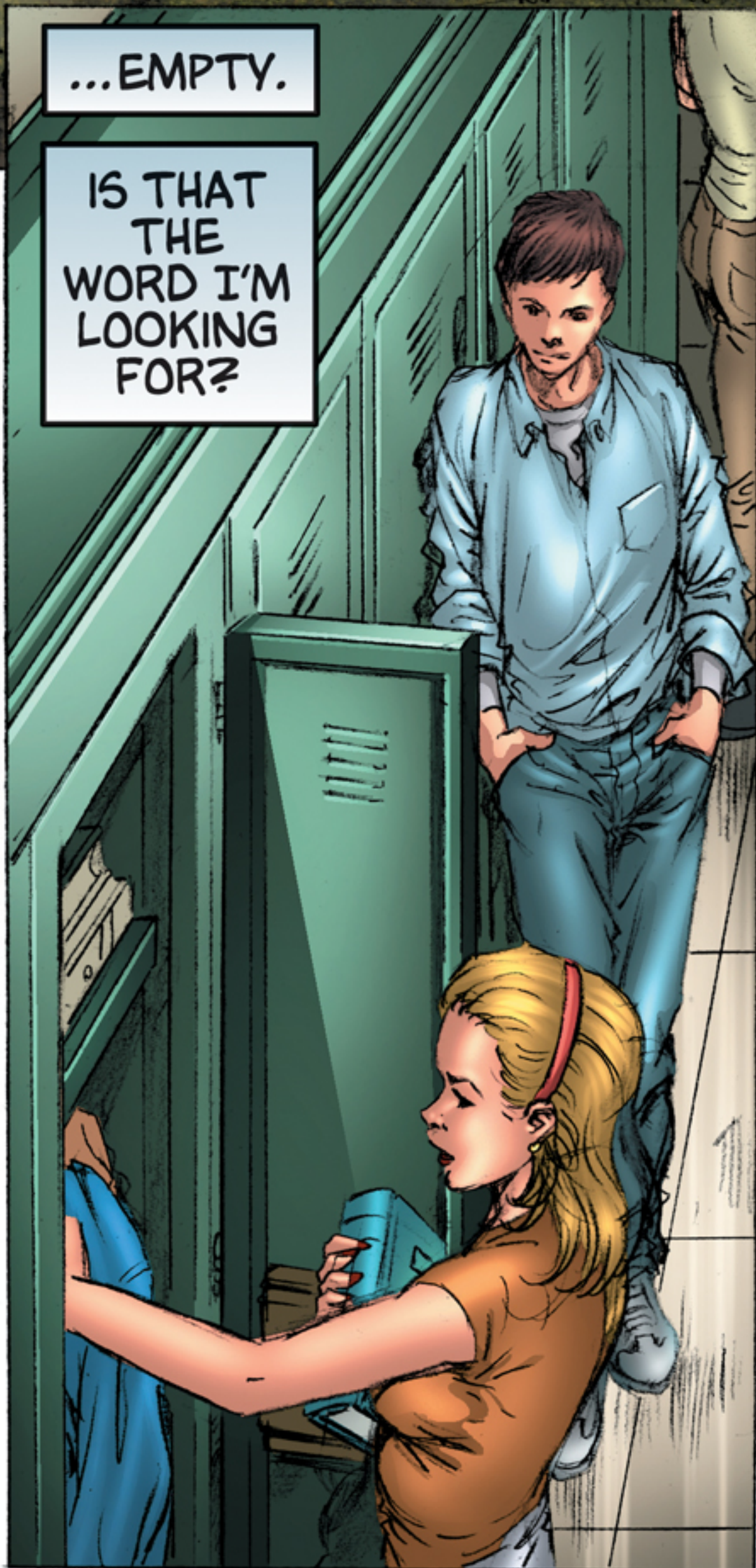
...I'D RATHER BE ALONE
THAN BE SURROUNDED BY
ROBOTS.

AND ROBOTS COULD
NEVER EVEN SEE
SOMEONE LIKE ME.



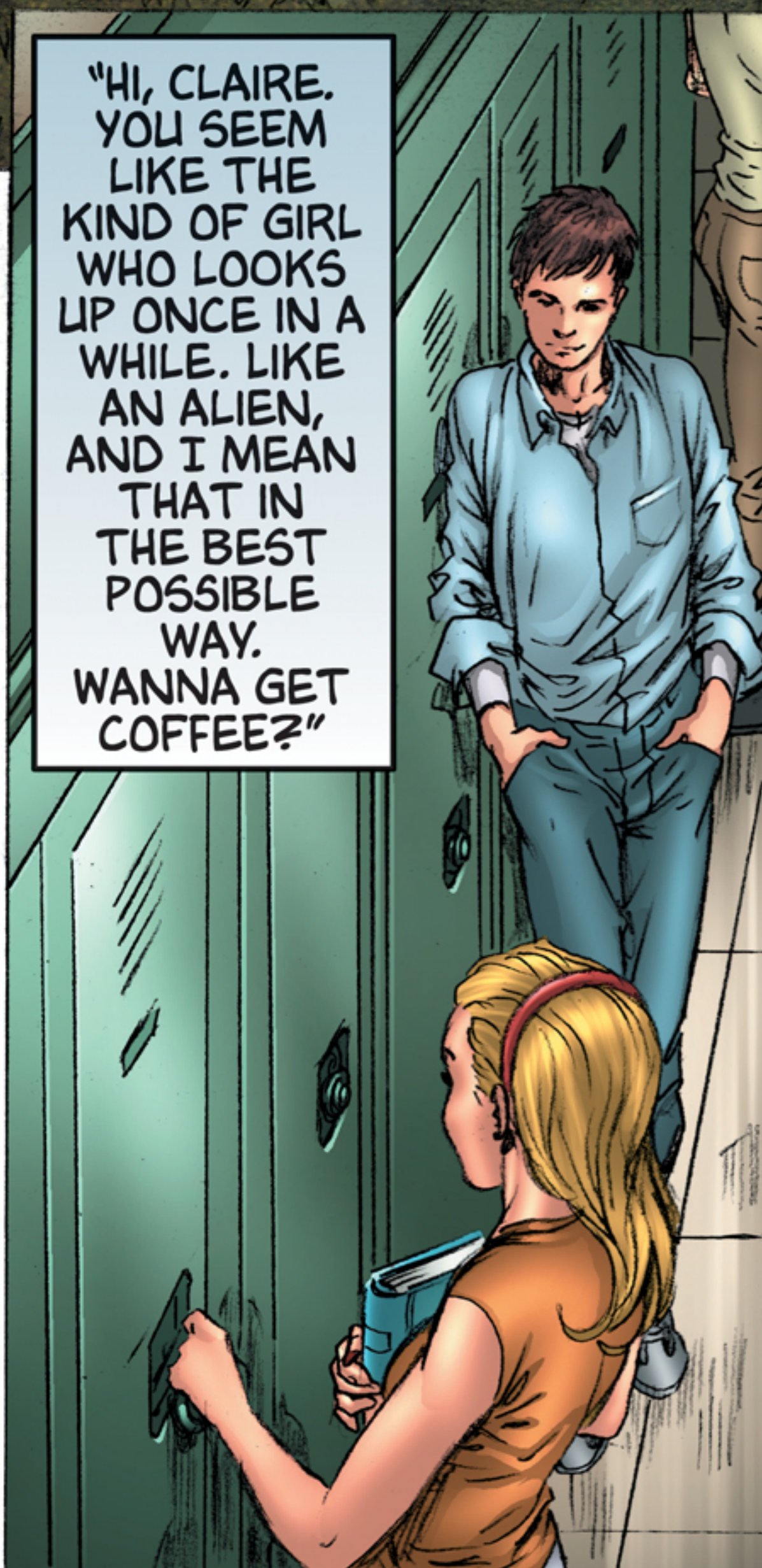
SO I FLEW
ALL NIGHT...

...AND BOY,
ARE MY ARMS...

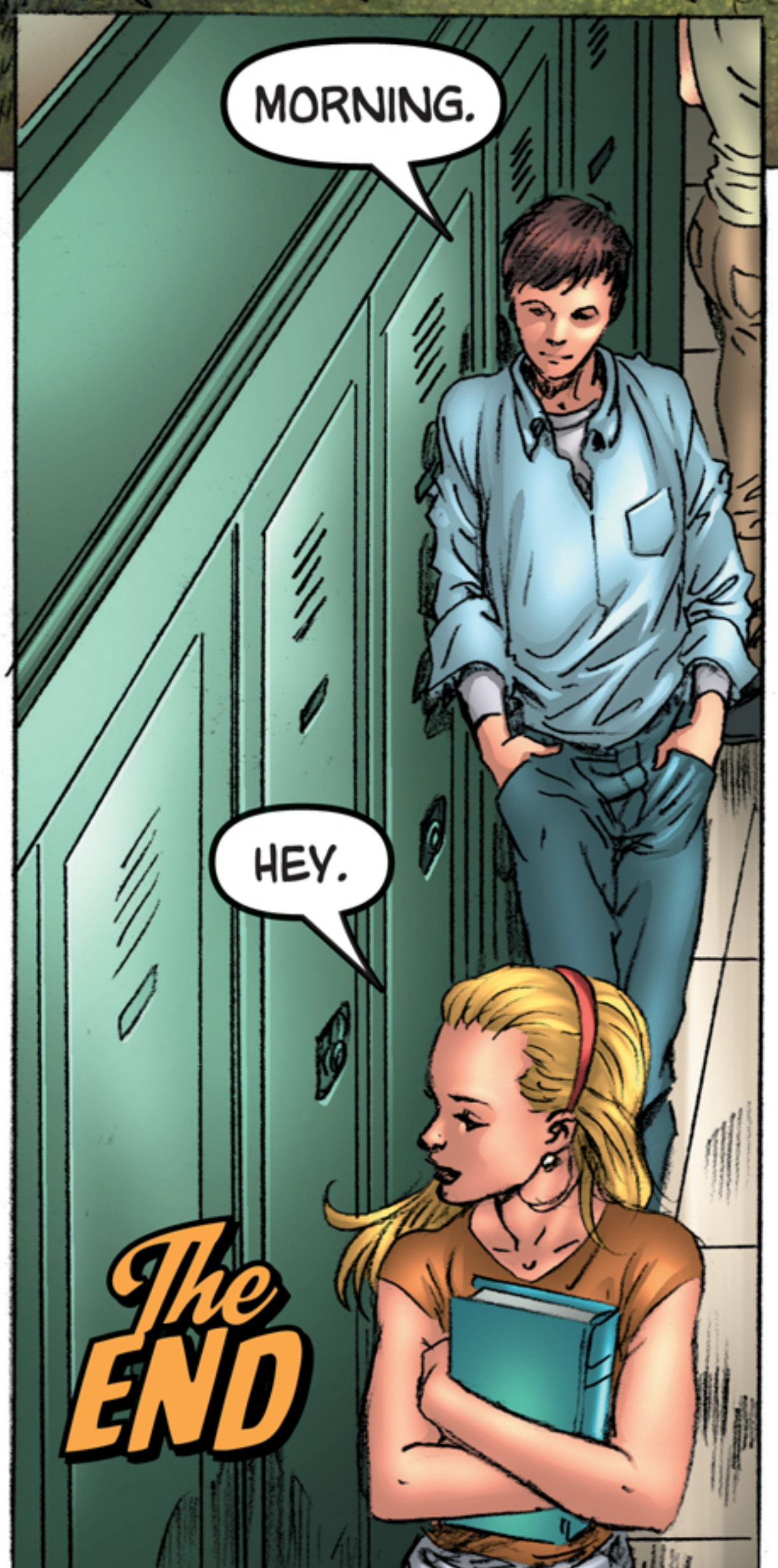


...EMPTY.

IS THAT
THE
WORD I'M
LOOKING
FOR?



"HI, CLAIRE.
YOU SEEM
LIKE THE
KIND OF GIRL
WHO LOOKS
UP ONCE IN A
WHILE. LIKE
AN ALIEN,
AND I MEAN
THAT IN
THE BEST
POSSIBLE
WAY.
WANNA GET
COFFEE?"



MORNING.

HEY.

*The
END*